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dormant patriotism that he is considering making the United States his permanent home.

The time is propitious. His fame is assured, for it has the foreign *cachet* deemed necessary by our American patrons; there is a growing interest in American art; our country is as varied and beautiful as any under the sun; and the great painters who bear an American name will win everlasting honor if they will return and work in the harvest fields that are ripening for them.

We honor Alexander Harrison for the fame he has won for himself and America. We invite him to his own country and promise him a field of usefulness and glory such as he has never known before. His continued absence would be a misfortune, while his coming will be a national blessing.

CHARLES FRANCIS BROWNE.



MY INDIAN PORTRAITS

Down from my study walls they gaze,
These grave, grim men of alien race;
They make me dream of some dim forest maze
Or wild trail leading on to wilder place.

I hear the clear call of the woodland bird,
The soft tread of the shy, quick deer;
The swift rush of the frightened pony herd,
The low chant of some mystic, spellbound seer.

From that dark frame a brave old warrior looks
His calm disdain upon my pampered ease,
Till I could trade my easy-chair, my books,
For mat of rushes by the brown tepees.

I like him best; that proud old chief
His glance is stern, yet half benign;
The mighty tempest of an awful grief
His face has marked with many a deep-plowed line.

Through the grim wisdom of his piercing eyes
I seem to see a noble manhood shine;
Where bitterness wrapt round with silent patience lies,
And faith o'erreaching mine or thine.

They give me strength, each pictured face,
They teach me scorn of petty ills,
And courage to press onward in the race,
Up to the summit of life's highest hills.

—AVILDA KELTON LEE.